Numb. 96.

The British Apollo,

OR,

Curious Amusements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the most

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domestick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From Friday January 7th. to Wednesday January 12th. 1708.

In last *Friday's Paper*, Col. the 3d Question the 2d Instead of whether (*and*) read whether (&) be a Word.

Q. *Gentlemen, Pray inform me, if 'tis Possible for a Soul once Imparadis'd in Heaven to Return again to it's Body, and dwell again on this Earth. Your Answer will Oblige Your Admirer*, E. G.

A. We Must allow it Possible, because it implies not a Contradiction. But we cannot think it Probable, that a Gracious, a Munificent Creator, who had admitted any of his Creatures to the Beatifick Vision; to the Blissful enjoyment of Himself; to the Raptures, that must Necessarily accrue to those, *who see God and Live*; should find it in his heart (unless for some Extraordinary purposes Inscrutable to Man) to Banish him to Perfect a Fruition, to Remove him from to Ravishing a Presence, to Remand him back to a Valley of Tears, and oblige him to cry out in this melancholy Complaint, *Woe is Me, that I am forc'd to dwell with Mesech, and Live my Habitation among the Tents of Kedar.*

Q. *Our Blessed Saviour disputing with the Jews says, in the* 8th Chapter *of St. John and* 56th Verse, *Your Father Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it, and was glad; then at the* 58th Verse, *Verily, Verily, I say unto you, before Abraham was, I am. Be pleased to reconcile these.*

A. See *British Apollo*, Numb. 33.

Q. *I was lately reading in the* 8th *Chapter of St. Mark, where at the* 10th 11th *and* 12th *Verses, I read the Pharisees demanded a Sign of Christ, which was denied them. The Query therefore is, what was the Reason of their Request and his Denial.*

A. In answer to the Question it is proper to observe, that the Demand of the Presumptuous Pharisees was not simply a Sign, but *a Sign from Heaven.* And this Sign from Heaven was more perhaps than Probably the Sign of *the Son of Man coming in the Clouds of Heaven*, represented in *Daniel's* Prophesy, *Chap. 7. Ver.* 13. 14. for that the Ancient Jews gather'd some Particulars concerning the Messiah from that great Prophet (however the Modern Jews out of Prejudice to Christianity place him in no Higher a Class than that of their ἅγιοι, their Holy, not inpired, Writers) is evident from a Double Instance: namely, in that from Him they borrow'd the very word, Messiah (a name so customary with them at the time of our Lord's Appearance in the Flesh) and in that one of their Countrymen (*Nehemiah* by Name) 50 Years before our Saviour's Incarnation, ventur'd to affirm from *Daniel's* Weeks, that the Advent of the Messiah, cou'd not be Defer'd beyond 50 Years. And that this was the Sign demanded, may be further concluded, in that our Blessed Lord a little before his Death Promis'd the very Sign requir'd, promis'd *to come in the clouds of heaven*, but in such a terrible, such an affrighting manner as they shou'd tremble to behold him in. And this Promise he punctually perform'd, *before that Generation was past away*, when he commission'd the Destroying Angel to Level *Jerusalem*, (that *City of the great King*) to Level her with the ground, and *lay her honor in the dust*: When he usher'd in the sad Catastrophe with such astonishing appearances, and sent forth such Alarming Presages of Impending Ruin, Presages Particularly Enumerated by *Josephus*, their own Historian.

But as *Daniel's* Prophesy was the ground of the Pharisees Request, so their Unworthiness to be complied with was one of the Reasons of our Lord's Refusal. For they had seen many of his Miracles, had been Witnesses to his *Mighty Works*, had been Authentically inform'd of such stupendous Signs, as startled the gazing World, and *yet Believed not.* Nay, Infidelity, Tacit Infidelity was the smallest of their Crimes. They Blackned spotless Innocence, they Traduc'd even Him, *who did no Sin*, and Blasphemously Accused him of Diabolical Delusion. And did They deserve the Grant of a Particular Sign, who had so ill Reported of *his Marvelous Works*? Did They deserve to view him coming in the Clouds of *Heaven*, who had accus'd him as Confederate with *Hell*? Did They deserve any favour from the Son of God, who came on purpose to Mock him, to Insult him? For the Text assures us, that they *began to Question with him, seeking of him a Sign from Heaven, Tempting him.* Signs and Wonders are fit to be Indulg'd to none, but such Modest, such Humble Men, who are Willing to Believe, where Reason will warrant their Belief, who are Open to Conviction; who are Ready to give up their Assent to a Well Attested Truth. And therefore it is that we read of a Certain People,

that *he cou'd do no mighty work among them because of their Unbelief.*

Q. *Gentlemen, Pray resolve me, Why the beating of a Drum in an Ale-house should turn their Drink sower?*

A. By raising a great Commotion in the Air, which being communicated to the Liquor causeth in it a new Fermentation, and by that an Exaltation of it's Tartarous Parts, and a Depression or Dissipation of the Spirituous.

Q. *Why do Painters Paint Death like a Skelleton?*

A. Since Death can be no otherwise, than Hieroglyphically, Decypher'd, how can an Invisible Cause be more Properly Represented, than by a Visible Effect? And since it is the Prerogative of Death to Change the Beautiful, the Comely Body into the Grim Deformity of an Affrighting Skelleton, what more Significant to Impress upon our Minds a sensible Idea of the King of Terrors, to Restrain the Wantoness of our Desires with a Feeling Apprehension of our Mortality; to Wean our Affections; to take off our Fondness from so Frail, so Perishing an Enjoyment; to Center our Provident Concern in the Industrious Culture of our Immortal Part, in the Daily, in the Constant Improvement of our Souls.

Q. *Sir, it is often seen that Men receive great Wounds, Contusions,* &c. *and yet live, when on the other hand a scratch of a Pin, prick of a Thorn, or such like Trifle many times proves mortal: Pray, give your Opinion, how such little inconsiderable Accidents are so dangerous in the Consequence.*

A. Such Consequences are mostly owing to an ill Habit of body, wherein the Blood and Humours are so Extreamly vitiated, that instead of being Balsamick they prove Corrosive, whence a Trivial Malady often degenerates into a Fatal Evil.

Q. *Why do the Ashes of Scotch Coal burn whiter than those of our other Coal?*

A. Because the Scotch Coal is endued with more Sulphur, and less Earthy and Watery Particles than your other Coal.

Q. *Gentlemen, I desire to know the Reason, why the Urine is Salt.*

A. Urine receives it's Saline Quality from the Saline Particles of Food eaten, which, through the Natural Heat, and Concoction of the Bowels, are Exalted even to a Volatility.

Q. *Gentlemen, It was always my Opinion, that the Greatest Happiness Human Life was Capable of, was, where two Vertuous Persons Contracted such a Friendship as that they might truly be Accounted two Bodies actuated by one Soul. To Inlarge upon the Character or Conveniencies of such a Friendship, is both needless to you and foreign to my Purpose; but I desire your Judgments, whether it be possible for the Distinctions of Superiority,* &c. *Command or Obey, to be Compatible with such a Friendship; or whether it can be maintain'd with more than one Person at a time. Your speedy Answer to this is desired, upon the Interest of a Subscriber, by, Gentlemen, your Most Humble Servant* A. B.

A. The Chief Purport of your Question (by those Terms *Command* and *Obey*) appears to be, whether a real Friendship can be maintain'd in a Marriage-state; to which we Answer with the Learned Dr. *Taylor*, that Marriage is the Queen of Friendships, and the Measure of all others, there being a Communication of all which can be communicated by Friendship. It is made sacred by Vows and Love, by Bodies and Souls, by Religion, by Laws, by Common Councils and Common Fortunes. As for the Terms of *Command* and *Obey*, they being suitable to the Nature and Dispositions of the two Sexes, they are so far from Derogating from *Friendship*, that they rather give many Opportunities to express Love and Tenderness to each other. In the Man by a Relaxation of his Authority, and in the Woman, by a ready submission beyond his Injunctions; and whereas some object, that the Fair Sex are not capable of Secrecy and Constancy. History affords as Noble Examples of the Fair in Both, as *We* can boast of. What Nobleness was it in that Lady, who suck'd the poysonous purulent Matter, from the wound of our brave Prince in the Holy Land, when an *Assassine* had pierc'd him with a Venom'd Arrow. What a Glorious Example of retaining Counsel was *Porcia*, who being fearful of the weakness of her Sex, stab'd her self into the Thigh to try how she cou'd bear Pain; and then gently Chid her *Brutus*, for not daring to trust Her, when she cou'd bear so much. We cou'd instance in many more. As to that part of your Question, whether a Friendship can be maintain'd with more than one at a time, we answer, a Friendship in the most abstracted Sense, can be maintain'd but with one. For as soon as I have made such a Friend, He commands all I have in the World, so I have nothing left to be at the Disposition of a third Person.

Q. *May a Gelding be properly call'd an Horse?*

A. Yes doubtless, as properly as an Eunuch may be call'd a Man.

Q. *Gentlemen, I have kept company with a young Woman this half Year, designing to make her my Wife, and she hath given her Consent; but I fear she doth not really love, me, because when I am in company with her, and a near Relation of Hers, which knows the Suit from the beginning, she seems strange, and if I kiss her, immediately she wipes her Lips, but is not willing I should see her; if I ask her concerning Matrimony she is always free. I desire your speedy Answer to this, and you will greatly oblige Yours,* S. N.

A. Alas, poor Gentleman! Let not the abundance of your Love be the Occasion of such fumiles. Modesty is the Peculiar Attribute of the Female Sex, and if any be divested of it, she may then properly be said to degenerate from the same; And this we take to be the Grounds of your Intimations, and the Invalid Cause of your rash Complaint. Blame not then your fair one, if she give you some Tokens of her Natural Endowments, or if she receive your Favours with a Willing Indifference, like that of the Poet:

Dum Fragrantia detorquet ad Oscula
Cervicem, aut facili sævitiâ negat,
Quæ præsente magis gaudeat eripi,
Interdum rapere Occupet.

When She's to Balmy kisses prone,
Or with a Fictious Frown Denies,
Or sometimes Joyes to snatch the Prize,
Which she thro' force would have her own.

BIBLIOTHECA

POEMS.

O Offspring of Phœbus, *in whose every Line*
Immortal Wit, and solid Learning Shine,
How shall I (as I ought) Your Fame display,
And in what Terms my grateful Tribute pay?
Accept my Thanks (for they alone are left)
Wretch that I am! of all things else bereft.

Er

E'er I've discharg'd the Debt I ow'd before,
I once again seek to augment the Score,
And Bankrupt-like am come to borrow more.
A while your pleasing Numbers charm my Soul,
And all her Passions all her Cares controul;
But,—at the Murth'rer's sight, my Pains return,
And Oh! again in hopeless Fires I burn;
Love's Secret Poyson glides thro' ev'ry Vein,
And Reason faintly does her Sway maintain;
My Passions mutinous and headstrong grow,
And loudly threaten to admit the Foe.
Then Sacred Bards,———
If my Repose or Happiness you prize,
Hast, quickly hast, and pour in fresh Supplies.
Yet once again exert your pow'rful Art,
And by strong Reason's Rules reclaim my wav'ring (Heart,
Pity my Frailties, and my Faults forget,
And break the dang'rous Snares with which I am be- (set.

See *Monthly Apollo*, Numb. 9.

Clorinda.

A. Shall Creatures, Destitute of Reason, shun
Those Accidents by which they've been undone,
And shall *Clorinda*, fraught with wondrous Sense,
Treble the *Shame*, by *Doubling* the *Offence*!
To *Fall* is Human, and relenting Heav'n
Implor'd, Lost *Innocence* may reinstate again;
But to *Repeat* a Crime, *Degrades* our *Kind*,
Sullies the Body and Dethrones the Mind.
Such who from Sensual Thoughts their Measures (Take,
And only *Dream*, e'en when they're most *Awake*;
Black Spots in their *Dark* Lives can ne'er surprize,
Nor can they *Fall*, who ne'er had Pow'r to *Rise*.
But if *Clorinda* from Her *Tow'ring Flight*,
In *Wit* and *Sense*, from her Prodigious *Height*;
If She shall sink, from Her *enlight'ned Sphere*,
A second *Fall of Angels* we may fear;
A Spot upon so Bright a Soul, will show
Conspicuous, to the Gazing World below;
Oh! Dread a *Second Fall*, least ne'er again
Your Luster be Restor'd, nor Reconcil'd, to Heav'n.

Q. *Divine* Apollo, *tell me, why*
The Cranes, when o'er the Sea they Fly,
Within their Throats do carry Sand,
And not when on the Earth they stand.
And why, when sleep does them possess,
They in their Claws a Stone Caress.

A. Would you a true Solution gain,
Or Reasons for these Rhimes obtain,
Vouchers produce, and good ones too,
For this your *Ipse Dixit* will not do.

Q. *Tell me, dear cruel Youth, Oh! tell me, why*
You strove to wound me by your late Reply.
With keenest Satyr, *sought to pierce my heart,*
Methinks, You *rather* Cordials *should impart.*
Is't not enough to fly my too fond Arms,
Now you have gain'd a Conquest by your Charms;
Is't not enough to captivate my Soul,
Wherein those strong, tumultuous Passions rowl,
Of Love, *of* Hope, *of* Fear, *unhappy Maid,*
Whose powerful Love *her weakness has betray'd.*
Don't pierce a Virgin's Breast, who do's adore
Your grateful Name, more than she did before.
No more thus persecute a vanquisht Fair,
By Lines that cut too deep, for her to bear.
If Theodora *writes refined Lays,*
'Tis by the Influence *of your brighter Rays;*
But the reverse———
Dispel those Clouds that hover o'er my Head,
That I might re-enjoy that Peace that's fled;
And then the pleasant Task I shall fullfil,
And Name *my* Darling *with a ready will.*

Theodora.

A. Will *Theodora's* Cruelty exact,
So *many* Slaves be kept upon the Rack,
Whilst she takes Pleasure, which *to it's* keenest Dart
To strike deep wounds in their *Retentive Hearts*,
The most *Tyrannick* of your Sex aspire,
One Conquest only, at one Time t' acquire;
But You, by your Mysterious Wit and Sense,
Keep several at once in *dark Suspence*;
Dissolve the Charm, and Point out by your Eye,
Which must the *Happy* be, and which *must Dye.*

Q. *Kind British Bards, resolve me This,*
Why Fear does People cause to Piss.

A. It is because the Nerves, through Fear,
A kind of Resolution bear:
The *Sphincter* hence invalid grows,
And from the *Bladder* Urine flows.

Q. *With all submission I Accost your Shrine,*
Who are so deep, and learnedly Divine,
In your kind Precepts darting in each Line:
Extend your wonted kindness to a Swain,
And give him ease of his tormenting Pain.
Love's the Disease, my Dearest Sylvia, *Oh!*
Tho' more I love her, colder doth she grow.
When I advance unto her fairest self,
She presently turns Tail, and calls me Elfe:
And sundry other Names, too mean to tell,
Came out of Sylvia's *Mouth to one that loves so well.*
'S impossible to think how vain I strive,
To gain one word of Love to let me Live.
I sigh, I mourn, look pale, nay, almost Dye,
But still her heart no pity doth Descry.
Tell me then, Dire Portenters, how to gain
My Dearest Sylvia, *and remove my pain.*

A. If you must doat, Chuse some Deserving *She*,
Who knows to value your Sincerity;
Whose tender Breast may an *Asylum* prove,
To all your Cares, and render Love for Love.
Not *Sylvia*-like to treat you with disdain,
But with good manners sooth your Am'rous pain.

To

To talk of dying for so vile a Fair
Shews, that you're lost to Reason: ah! beware,
How you forsake that Glorious Guide, *Divine*,
To offer Incense at a Female Shrine.
But if you must for dearest *Sylvia* burn,
Disguise your Grief, nor let her see you Mourn;
For if you seem to stoop she'll treat you still with
Scorn.
Women by Art, and Nature both, are sly
When we address; but follow if we fly.

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SIR,

THE advices from Strasburg, Dec. 31. are, that the Duke of Berwick, the day before set out from Brisac, from whence he is to proceed to Hunningen, to view a great Number of Horses that are come to that place from Switzerland, and that the Troops, which march'd by the Duke's Order, five or 6 days ago, from those Quarters, for the Netherlands, consist of 26 Batalions and 39 Squadrons. That by the advices from Alsace, import, that 14 or 15000 French are Marching towards the Maes. That from Brussels Jan. 10th. 'Tis advised, that Yesterday Morning His Grace the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene set out for the Hague, in Order to confer with the States General about the Operations of the next Campaign, which they hope to begin before the Enemy: That most of the Troops design'd to be in Garrison in that City, are already arriv'd, and the rest are expected in a day or two; that they are to consist of 20 Batalions and 21 Squadrons, that most of them are Dutch Troops, and that they are to be under Count de Tilly's Command, who in the absence of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, is to have the Command in Chief of all the Forces of the Allies in the Netherlands: That the further exchange of Prisoners are put off upon some New Difficulties that have been rais'd: That the Troops of the Princes of Germany, which are now negotiating, are expected on Our Frontiers in the beginning of March: from several places of the French Frontiers 'tis advis'd, that the Soldiers have frequently Mutiny'd and plunder'd the *Burghers* for want of wherewithal to subsist: That from Paris Jan. 6th. they advise, that the King holds frequent Councils with his Generals and Ministers of State, and that all the Mareschals of France were summon'd on Friday last to repair to Versailles, where an extraordinary Council was held, which continued some hours; but the Resolutions taken therein are kept very secret; that 'tis warmly discoursed at Court, that most of their Forces are to March from the Dauphine and the Rhine, for the Netherlands, in Order to oppose the designs of the Allies, who seem to have the design of penetrating into that Kingdom by the Province of Artois. Which is all from Yours, &c.

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